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MARKS at 2,000 to the dollar have already produced a derangement of German life and an amount of suffering difficult to exaggerate. But this is only the foretaste of the confusion which will follow if France adopts the "firm" policy which her friend Charles H. Grasty of the *New York Times* has described with engaging candor. Advocates of that policy are tired of delay; they not merely want reparations but something more; Britain's program of leniency toward Germany means a second-rate France; but let France occupy the Ruhr with its coal mines and in conjunction with her Polish ally exploit the coal of Upper Silesia and she will be economic mistress of Europe. Germany at her worst was never guilty of madder jingoism nor planned an act more deliberately imperialistic. Even in the financial groups which in conjunction with the militarists control France there is a party which seeks an accord of French and German industrialists to the benefit of both—and incidentally to the hurt of Britain—but so far it has made little headway against the immense hatred which grips the two countries. The program Mr. Grasty describes is an invitation to new world war. Already Trotzky has given notice that Russia can scarcely "remain passive" if Poland under French pressure supports her ally in military operations against Germany. The hope is that at the last moment even M. Poincaré may draw back from a step fraught with such possibilities of disaster.

THAT hope would be greater if Britain and America could be depended upon to use their influence wisely and generously. Mr. Lloyd George cannot be trusted to follow a consistent policy of fair play for Germany cour-

ageously; still less can he be trusted to offer the French the one thing necessary to give him a hearing at Paris: a reduction of the French debt. That offer was dangled once—only to be snatched away by the Balfour note with its disingenuous effort to "pass the buck" to America. In the discussion which has followed it has been pretty well established that Britain would not have had to borrow the billions she owes us if she had not loaned as many billions to the Allies, but when will our British friends see that this fact means little to an American public which believes that Britain returned from the war loaded down with spoils while America took precisely nothing? Britain's attitude is a distinct set-back to the slowly growing realization in this country of what the United States might do for peace and prosperity if it would offer to forgive or reduce debts in proportion as the nations of Europe adopted a reasonable policy toward Germany and disbanded their great armies.

HENRY FORD is closing his factories because of the exorbitant profiteering as coal mining is resumed; dwellers in the Northeastern section of the country who are dependent on anthracite find operators and miners still deadlocked and no coal above ground. That is the first installment of the price we shall pay for leaving an essential industry at the mercy of absentee private owners. To be sure the politicians at Washington and the State capitals are staging a few new scenes in the endless comedy of Protecting the Public from the Profiteer. The last scene was Mr. Hoover's voluntary agreement among the non-union operators not to profiteer. They then multiplied coal prices five or six times. We have too much confidence in Mr. Taft's Supreme Court to believe that it would allow the citadel of private property to be attacked by anti-profiteering legislation. Has it not recently set aside the Lever Act which had behind it the war emergency to commend it? The only way out is for the Government to take over the mines. The proposals so far made to that end are probably unconstitutional and specify no satisfactory plan of control. Mr. Lewis thinks he could negotiate a satisfactory agreement were the Government in possession of the anthracite mines. We are not so sure. If President Lewis were a truly far-seeing and socially minded leader he would have more sincerely and energetically backed the miners' own program of democratic management. But just as government operation of the railroads was preferable in the emergency of war, so may even bureaucratic government control of mines be preferable now. The President, however, under conservative pressure seems to have decided that he wants no emergency power; and for all of him we may drift until we strike on even more dangerous reefs than are now apparent.

NEW YORK State is about to open with public ceremonies a \$2,000,000 grain elevator built in sixteen months as part of the development of the Erie Barge Canal. It was found necessary to have some such building to house grain waiting for export in New York harbor. The more optimistic hope that this and like developments will make the Erie Canal so efficient as to render the St. Lawrence

waterway project superfluous. No one has protested, yet this looks to us perilously like state socialism of the very same sort which was undertaken by the Nonpartisan League. North Dakota had to fight for the right to build elevators and other public utilities clear up to the Federal Supreme Court. Shrieks of alarm filled the air. Yet when New York under Governor Miller, prophet of conservatism, does the same the silence is broken only by approval. And that approval continues when he takes the further radical step of recommending a drastic regulation of coal distribution which may, if it is not upset by the courts, really do a little to check profiteering. Again we are forced to conclude that it is a strange world.

IT is a commentary on the reputation of the Steel Trust that no newspaper seems to take its 20 per cent increase in the wages of its day laborers as proof of a change of heart and an honest desire to pay a living wage. It is evidence of returning prosperity; it is prompted by a desire to hold men from drifting into the soft-coal mines where a boom is expected; it is a forerunner of higher wages and higher prices; it is intended to sugar-coat the tariff pill which the workers in their role as consumers will have to swallow; it is designed to forestall new union agitation—such are some of the guesses. Anyway one can be glad that the steel workers who were among the first and worst victims of “the deflation of labor” are getting back some of what they lost. Railway workers may profit also since the Railway Labor Board depended on wages in other industries to justify its reduction of wages to a point hundreds of dollars below official estimates of a minimum decency wage.

THE breakdown of the efforts of the five transportation organizations to bring about a settlement of the railroad strike has at least clarified the issues involved. The ultimate effects upon the public are clouded by the dust of conflicting propaganda from both sides as to the present and future condition of railroad equipment. The only source of unbiased information—the Interstate Commerce Commission—remains as it has from the beginning, impervious to the public demand for facts. The shopmen struck in order to right what they considered to be their intolerable wrongs: a wage reduction below necessary living standards, the farming out of repair work to outside contractors paying less than Labor Board scales, and inequitable working rules. Those are the issues in the strike and have been the issues since July 1. “Seniority” has never been an issue. It has been merely a symptom—a symptom of the determination of certain railroad executives to disintegrate the shop-craft unions and to run their shops “without outside interference.” Seniority has been an issue only in so far as the strikers have refused to return to work on any basis which would destroy their organizations.

AS far as the real issues of the strike are concerned the dispute could have been settled when President Harding made his proposals at the end of July. The roads were ready to resubmit the wage issue to the Labor Board, they were willing to accept its decisions in regard to outside contracts, but because a powerful group of Eastern roads saw a chance to break the control of the union, the obstacle of seniority was set up and the chance of a settlement stumbled over it and fell flat. Even during the recent conference in New York an agreement was hovering in the off-

ing, but before the conference met Mr. Loree issued his blast of propaganda practically denying in advance the chance of a settlement, the more moderate executives were “approached” and effectually silenced, and when the men met with their employers they faced an apparently unanimous opposition. Some fifty-two executives afterward discussed privately with the mediating Brotherhood chiefs the chance of a compromise settlement, but under the ægis of Mr. Loree and his friends nothing was accomplished. The hope for the public lies in future negotiations between the moderate executives and the men, or in the unlikely expedient of government intervention. It does not lie in the breaking of the strike; that way lies discontent and constant trouble—the inevitable fruits of an unjust settlement.

TWO of the ablest professors at Clark University have left: Dr. Hankins to become head of the department of sociology at Smith College and Dr. Boring to take the chair at Harvard formerly held by Hugo Münsterberg. They were among those who felt keenly the offense against the spirit of inquiry when President Atwood summarily broke off Scott Nearing’s lecture. They left, we are informed, “not because of the Nearing episode as such, but because Clark has ceased to be a research university.” No university whose president believes that it is his duty to “protect” the students against a calm discussion of social issues can furnish the atmosphere in which inquiry into any phase of truth can flourish.

ARATHER deceptive air of mildness surrounds the recent Soviet order banishing from Russia some 1,500 intellectuals hostile or unsympathetic to the present regime. Some of the exiles, according to the dispatches from Moscow, have long sought an opportunity to leave Russia; some desire to remain, and one of these is to be allowed to. The Commissar of Justice has stated that a number of those to be banished have been engaged in secret counter-revolutionary activity in Russia, but that others have “after five years’ opportunity” been unable “to reconcile themselves to the Soviet regime.” For active counter-revolutionists banishment may be considered a fairly mild punishment; for passive irreconcilables and non-conformists it is indefensible. If men and women are not to be allowed even to think and to arrive at independent judgments, if personal dissent is to be forbidden, then the last pitiful shred of freedom will be gone and a blasting uniformity will extinguish all marks of human genius and difference.

CHINA is still floundering desperately in an effort to find its feet. The measure of its desperation may be taken from the story of Dr. Sun Yat-sen as given in recent news dispatches. While he was head of a fairly strong independent government in Canton, he was flouted or ignored. Now his government has been defeated; he himself has been ousted from it, repudiated by his former followers and compelled to flee to Shanghai on a British gunboat. And at this low ebb of his fortunes he suddenly becomes a figure in the negotiations for national unification under new government! He has been invited to Peking and there is even talk of making him president. It is a reversal of a known political logic and is characteristic of Chinese politics. It is also illuminating on other accounts. It reveals the extremities to which Chinese affairs have come, for only in extremities would the men in power in Peking de-

with Dr. Sun on such terms as to give him any tangible power. In fact, it may be because of their extremities that they are willing to talk with Dr. Sun at all. They may want to stand out from under now that the crash appears inevitable and let the ruins descend on Sun's head. Nevertheless, until word comes that Sun has actually been given substantial power it is safest to doubt that he will be.

FINANCES are as usual the key to the Chinese situation. For practical purposes the government has been insolvent for more than three years. The time now seems at hand when even the outward semblance of solvency can no longer be maintained. As a result it is difficult to form a cabinet to assume responsibility. The men with sufficient ability to undertake reconstruction of the government believe it is impossible to achieve anything with bankruptcy hanging over their heads. Again, it is impossible to avert bankruptcy unless the provincial military barons are forced to release tax revenues to the central government instead of withholding them to maintain their private armies and swell their private fortunes. The only man in China strong enough to put down these robber barons and compel obedience is General Wu Pei-fu, victor in the recent civil war. But Wu is blocked by the common fear of all the official class that in succeeding he might himself become so strong that they would be dependent on him for the continuance of their present privileges. Still worse he might abolish all these privileges—a step which even the privilege-holders see is necessary before China can remake itself. So they make common cause against him, the circle is described, and the calling of the parliament and its tinkering with a constitution seem doomed to come to nothing. However, if the Canton and the the Peking Governments and Dr. Sun can be brought even to the appearances of a settlement, there will be a modicum of improvement.

"COLONEL THOMAS E. LAWRENCE has resigned from the Middle East Department of the British Colonial Office." Who noted the announcement? Yet Colonel Lawrence, an extraordinarily blue-eyed young man of just 32, has been one of the decisive men of his age. He it was, a young Oxford scholar versed in Arabic, who slipped through the Turkish lines to Mecca and stirred the Arab revolt under the Sherif of Mecca that led to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Hedjaz and the victorious march of Emir Feisal's Arab army across the desert sands and, finally, through Jerusalem to Damascus. He it was, wearing the head-dress of a sherif himself, the rare distinction which he was the first European to achieve, who, with Feisal, bearded the Allied chiefs in Paris and forced at least a partial recognition of their war-time promises to the Arabs. And to this mere boy England turned again when the French had driven Feisal out of Damascus, all Arabia was in revolt, and the little British force in Mesopotamia was fighting for its life. Colonel Lawrence returned, with Feisal as "King of Irak" and Feisal's brother as ruler of Transjordan, and, as he says in his letter of resignation, in the 18 months "since we 'changed direction' we have not had, I think, a single British casualty in Palestine or Arabia or the Arab provinces of Irak." He is the type of empire-builder who stirs no anti-imperialist revolt. Now, his latest task seemingly done, he retires to return to his preferred occupation to which his years entitle him—that of reading, and perhaps of writing, poetry.

The Past Is With Us Still

SOME pieces of literature are too significant in every line to be summarized or quoted in part; too ludicrous to be parodied; too muddled to be analyzed or disentangled. Such a piece of literature is the report of the Joint Commission of the Episcopal Church on Home and the Family Life in Its Relation to Religion and Morals. We dare not ignore this incredible document. It is being quoted widely in the press, and it is coming up for consideration at the Episcopal Convention to be held this month. We dare not ignore it and we hardly dare talk about it—lest we laugh out loud and be sent home.

In brief—though it is an insult to its charm to attempt a summary—the report tells this sad tale:

The American home is in a sorry way. The modern youth is finding his pleasure outside his home; he has been, to use the report's own happy phrase, "enticed by the glittering generalities of various forms of activity extraneous to domestic life." This tendency manifestly menaces the home; and "the home you are rearing your children in will determine whether you are bringing up Christians or atheists, patriots or Bolsheviks." Not only is the state thus threatened by the loosening of home ties; the church, too, will "totter to its ruin" if the home is not intact to support it. Also, and conversely, only the church can save the home. (Do not be puzzled; knottier problems are yet to follow.)

But other things affect both the home and religion. Low wages, child labor, women's work—all these make it difficult for American home life to flourish and for religion to increase. "Those conditions under which many immigrant families live are inimical to the maintenance of the Christian standard of family life" (The Commission fails to note what the workers themselves have observed: that these conditions are equally inimical to the maintenance of Jewish or any other decent standards of family life and happiness.) To remedy such social evils nothing apparently is necessary except concentration "upon the one essential thing—making the home Christian . . . thereby all economic problems will in time be solved." (That conclusion, we hasten to explain to cynics and doubters, was arrived at only after the Commission had "given careful thought to these and other sociologic and economic conditions.")

Religious education is advocated, and family prayers, and Sunday observance. Discipline, lacking in the modern home, is much needed. "The secret of the undisciplined child is undisciplined parents. When the mother lying in bed half buried under the Sunday paper calls to little Billy to drop the adored supplements to go to Sunday School, or father on his back under the automobile getting ready for the day's outing orders Jack and Lucy gone, these poor little waifs will wander off to church alone." (The discipline average in this family seems to us almost unbelievably high even though Jack and Lucy and little Billy are credited with "the dim thought when they are grown up they also will do as they please"—like father under the car!)

Marriage should not be allowed when entered into lightly or by persons obviously unfit; and the criminal, feeble-minded, and morally vicious should be prevented from propagating their kind. On the other hand the intelligent, the conscientious, the Christian couple should not have access to information regarding birth control because they are "cooperating with the Creator in the continuance of the human race."

The past, it seems, sits heavy on our necks. We forget, almost, whether we live in the twentieth or the twelfth century. The churches combine to make us weep and to make us laugh; the attack on Darwin is no funnier and no sadder than this ludicrous and pathetic report. The Christian life, we are forced to believe, consists in turning away from a deliberate consideration and a conscious control of our lives. We are urged to "concentrate" on faith, while meanwhile our social and industrial life demands more and more loudly the direct attention of every intelligent person. We are told to "cooperate with the Creator" though our children are born in unmanageable numbers to live in filthy, indecent slums. The report is signed by six bishops, five ministers, and four prominent laymen. One minister, the Rev. J. H. Melish, has disavowed the document; stating that he never saw it before its publication. Perhaps some of the other signers can establish alibis; and perhaps the Episcopal Church will save its reputation for moderation and intelligence by laughing the report out of the convention hall.

Why Foster Is Dangerous

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER has come to be a name to make the timid tremble. Whether it is because the middle initial stirs some unconscious association with Trotsky, or because, according to the newspapers, this diabolical genius was able single-handed and in opposition to all the forces of respectability to stir 200,000 rich and contented steel workers into revolt against the inner shrine of devout capitalists, he cannot appear in print without being exorcised by the whole tribe of modern witch-hunters. He arrives in Denver to address a meeting; armed men with no warrant for his arrest seize him in his hotel room, declare that they are acting for the Adjutant General of the State, rob him of the property in his suitcase, forcibly convey him across the Wyoming line, and drop him six miles from a railroad—and no person of authority or influence raises a voice against the crime thus committed. A railroad train is wrecked in Indiana; private detectives in the employ of the railroad state that the wreck is the result of a deliberately damaged track, officials of the striking shop crafts say that such wrecks are bound to result from unrepaired locomotives, and before the facts in the case have been established on credible evidence, Foster's office in Chicago is raided by the local district attorney and all his papers seized, while a story connecting the wreck and the raid is sent out by the Associated Press and headlined in the afternoon papers. A single sentence in the papers of the next morning informs us that the raid uncovered no connection between Foster and the assumed violence of strikers. An alleged convention of Communists in Michigan is raided by State militia and Federal agents; it is announced that Foster was present but escaped, Foster denies that he was there but is arrested in Chicago, though it is not yet proved that anyone at the alleged convention is guilty of anything.

Such a curious train of events within a few weeks evidently means, not that Foster has committed any overt act for which he can be locked up, but that persons of influence are very much afraid of him. It has become the American custom to sanction illegal acts by government authorities when they are committed against per-

sons whose doctrines are held in disrepute. The fact that these practical jokes have been played upon Foster creates a prejudice in the public mind to the effect that he is preaching the overturn of government and therefore deserves all this and more. The surest way to discredit a leader of thought at the moment is to subject him to official persecution.

Now, if nobody knew what Foster believed, if his propaganda were carried on secretly, and his followers were organized in the dark, we might await word from the authorities as to the exact nature of his turpitude. But, more than anyone else in the American labor movement Foster is a missionary, a one-idea man, who has preached his doctrine for years to anyone who would listen. He has recently organized the Trade Union Educational League as a vehicle for the work to which he is committed. The League publishes a magazine in which his ideas are set forth every month, and he is an indefatigable speaker, traveling about the country from meeting to meeting to gain converts. Anyone with knowledge of the labor movement knows, therefore, what Foster believes.

The burden of his message is that the trade-union movement in this country is in a bad way, and that if it wishes to serve the workers as it should, it must adopt new methods and create a new spirit. Its subdivision into craft bodies, each fighting a separate battle against the united power of capitalists, leads to defeat in detail. These craft bodies should be amalgamated into a series of industrial unions, which in turn should be maneuvered on the economic field as so many divisions of one great army. Furthermore, the labor movement needs a political party such as those in England and Europe, to protect it on the political field. It needs a broader vision of its ultimate aim. Capitalism has failed to better the status of the workers, and it is the business of the labor movement to find and develop a better economic system.

Many before Foster have preached these doctrines, but he makes one unique contribution. He is not only a thinker, but a master organizer. He is not content with blaming reactionary officials and groups for what they have failed to do; he is most severe upon the radicals who have had the vision, but have lacked the practical sense to put it into effect. They have run away to monastic seclusion, or have left the historic labor movement in futile attempts to build up a new one in the form of idealistically conceived but powerless "dual" and competing unions. Stick to your union, says Foster, and do your work within it. If you are going to convert the rank and file you have to stay where they are and serve them. This is what the Trade Union Educational League is for—to unite the progressives within the existing regular unions. This is the dreaded "borin' from within."

It also happens that Foster is sympathetic with the Russian Revolution, and that he favors the affiliation of the American unions with the Red Trade Union International. He may, for aught we know, be a Communist. If these things be criminal, he may at some time be convicted of them. But we have a shrewd suspicion that he is feared by old-line labor leaders as well as by other powers, not because of any theories about Russia, or because of any preachments in favor of violence—he is apparently guiltless of these—but because he may be capable of reforming the American trade-union movement and directing it more effectively than it has hitherto been directed.

Ireland: A Commentary on Nationalism

MICHAEL COLLINS was not assassinated. He was killed just as he and the small group of soldiers who were with him had beaten off an attack by the Irregulars from ambush. The line between such ambushes and assassination is rather fine and friends of Ireland are compelled sorrowfully to agree with Bernard Shaw's judgment: "Ireland is suffering from an epidemic of homicidal mania and calling it patriotism."

Not the least dramatic feature of Collins's death is the repentance of Tom Hales, who led the ambush. That act suggests the possibility of a revulsion of feeling which may greatly reduce the irregular forces who terrorize the Irish countryside in the name of freedom. According to that fair, competent, and kindly observer, Father John A. Ryan, probably the larger number of these roving bands have not even the excuse of a misguided idealism. In his article in *America* (August 19, 1922) he quotes the estimate that the property already destroyed by the Irregulars "would provide a decent house for every workingman who has to rear his family in a filthy tenement room, and a decent house and farm for every hovel-holder in the congested areas." He himself estimates that at least nine-tenths of the population support the Free State.

The fate of Ireland, deprived of its best-known leaders, rests to an unusual degree with the people themselves. It is certain, as Bernard Shaw says, that if the Irish cannot govern themselves no one else can. The return of the British troops is not the answer to Ireland's problem, yet that will be the inevitable result of a continuance of her madness. If some incredibly malignant or cynical Mephistopheles controlled the destinies of Ireland he could hardly have ordered her affairs so as more effectually to discredit men's faith not only in Irish nationalism but in liberal principles of self-determination and the rights of small nations. Men are saying: "The Irish out of Ireland can govern others but they can't govern themselves at home." Such a generalization is both hasty and unreasonable. Less unreasonable is the criticism of particular leaders—of De Valera for his 'amorphous idealism,' his lack of political generalship, his mistrust of democracy; of the Free State leaders for political immaturity and for postponing the meeting of the Dail which alone ought to authorize war.

A more fundamental explanation of Ireland's civil war is to be found not in the criticism of individuals or the unscientific denunciation of a race, but in the law of cause and effect. No nation, it is said, can be oppressed and betrayed. Ireland has been; no nation can have in her side a running sore like Ulster, kept from healing by her foreign conqueror, and retain the magnanimity, political sagacity, and devotion to an ideal combined with a realistic grasp of facts, or which the Irish situation calls. There is truth in that judgment but if it is the whole truth there is small hope or human progress. Men are not so thoroughly in the grip of an iron law of determination by external events regardless of internal ideals. To some extent they can transcend the evil heritage of the past.

The root of the trouble, in Ireland as in the newly freed states of Europe, lies mainly in a false conception of nationalism. There is a sense in which fair-minded men must be sympathetic with nationalism. It answers to a real consciousness of kind, however that consciousness may have

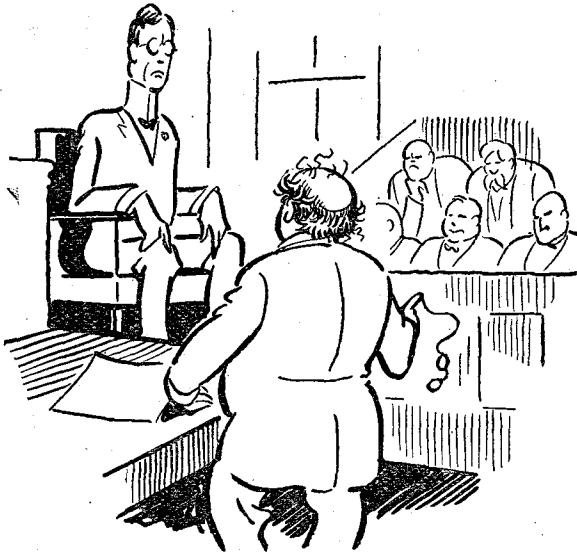
arisen, and is a powerful weapon against the manifold oppressions of imperialism. But in its popular form it is negative, symbolizing an absence of foreign control rather than an abounding life for the people. Modern history is a commentary on the inadequacy of all national ideals.

Those who, like *The Nation*, were most enthusiastic about Ireland's cause believed in it not only because we opposed British—or any other—imperialism but because we saw in Irish nationalism elements of a new ideal of the state and of a people's relations with its neighbors. There was in the Gaelic traditions, in the words of great Irish leaders, in the growth of the modern cooperative movement, in the vitality of the labor movement, in the skill with which the people formed the republican courts for the adjustment of difficulties during the war against England, a justification for our hope. But it now appears that this constructive side of Irish nationalism was never crystallized by the Irish leaders or made a living thing in the hearts of Irish youth. They understood fighting England, they did not understand the beauty of Æ's program outlined in his book, "The National Being." When the treaty was signed the externals of the British connection loomed larger in the mind of De Valera and his followers than the new type of state and the new culture they might create which no bonds of the treaty could stifle. In their "amorphous idealism" only hatred of England and of those who treated with her was definite enough to guide them. It was easier to fight for Ireland, if necessary to die for her, than to lead her in the hard task of patiently building out of the conflict of interests and prejudices a new cooperative commonwealth. The Free State leaders also failed to catch the vision. They were more realistic and more democratic than those whose philosophy was confined to phrases like "better extermination than dishonor"; they were not more constructively idealistic. Mr. Connolly, the Irish Consul in New York, did, indeed, patiently try to make it clear that the Irish preferred a slow cooperative to a rapid capitalistic development. But that idea was lost sight of in the passions of renewed war.

Perhaps the method of war is most to be blamed for the failure of the Irish to develop their nobler conception of nationalism. The sad paradox of Ireland's situation is that violence, the violence of open conflict and secret ambush, won Ireland her victory and to some extent disqualified her from using it. That is the usual history of war even in the noblest cause. War is incompatible with constructive thought; it is the enemy of truth. It is easier to teach soldiers to hate a visible enemy than to love the invisible ideal of true freedom. Men who have found a cause which sanctions killing their fellowmen do not always stop, as Ireland is learning to her sorrow, when these fellowmen are no longer of another nation. In short, the Irish experience, like the experience of the larger world in the Great War, serves to emphasize once more that those who would formulate and achieve noble social ends must find appropriate means which will not frustrate their attainment. This is not theoretical pacifism; it is the hard lesson of experience. And that is why the prisoner Gandhi, leader of India in the "more perfect way" of non-violence—despite the strangeness of some of his theories in Western eyes—is an incomparably more significant figure in the life of mankind than any of the Irish leaders.

Looking On

by Art Young



OUR OWN CROSS-EXAMINATION

"Now, Mr. Professional Censor, I suppose you have read many books that you think the public should not read?"

"I have."

"You have looked at and censored many plays that you consider immoral and bad for other people to see?"

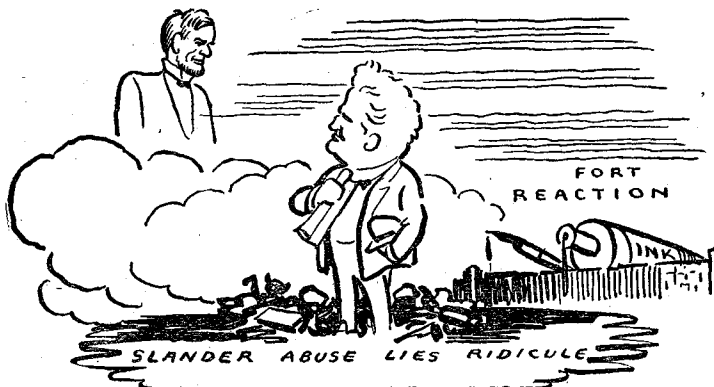
"I have."

"And yet, Mr. Professional Censor, after all this reading and investigation, it has not affected you? In other words, you are still just as moral and undefiled as you were before—"

—(Order in the court!)



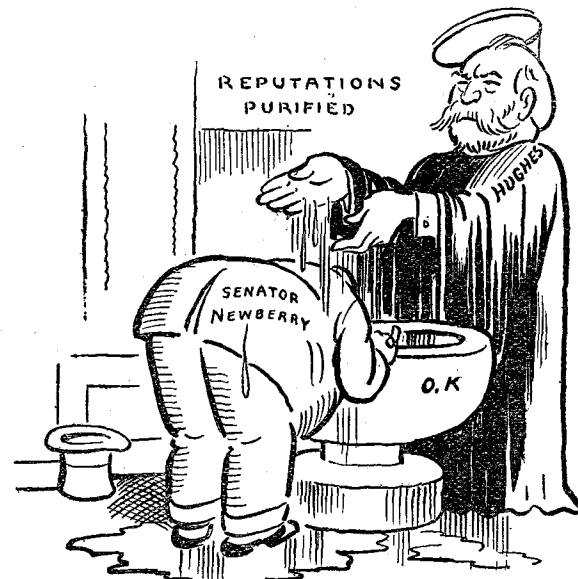
President Harding: "Not so fast, please."



Spirit of Lincoln to La Follette: "I told you they couldn't fool all of them all of the time."

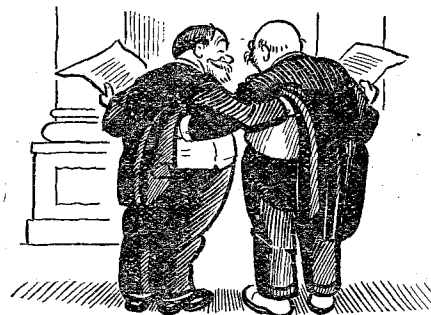


Attorney General Daugherty: "Pretty good, Bill. But it lacks something. Can't you paint him pushing over the Government—and get a little more red into the beard?"



Mr. Newberry of Michigan who spent a fortune to get into the U. S. Senate gets a special baptism from the Secretary of State.

YOU SCRATCH MY BACK—AND I'LL SCRATCH YOURS



Congressman Smith will vote for a high tariff on pins if Congressman Jones will vote for a high tariff on putty.

Harvard Student Opinion on the Jewish Question

By WILLIAM T. HAM

WHAT do the students at Harvard think of the Jew? Do they favor a policy of limitation? If they do, is it because they are "anti-Semitic, caste-ridden, afflicted with the dry-rot of exclusiveness"? Or are they trying tolerantly to reach a conclusion on a vexing problem? What is the character of their mental processes? Such questions suggest themselves at a time when Fair Harvard's fairness is excitedly being called in question by those who imply, if they do not assert, that the college has become a hot-bed of anti-Jewish feeling.

What are the facts? Opportunity to get at them offered itself at the end of the college year, when, in a class in the department of Social Ethics, Dr. Richard C. Cabot gave the following as a part of the examination:

Discuss as fairly as you can this question: For the good of all persons concerned, is a college ever ethically justified in limiting to a certain percentage the number of any particular race who are admitted to the freshman class each year?

The students concerned were from the three upper classes. For a year they had been considering the ethics of human relationships, of property, of veracity, of freedom and restraint, confidence and suspicion. They had participated in the give and take of Socratic discussion, had sensed the standards of thinking that their teacher maintained, and had felt the challenge of his trenchant hatred of humbug. Consequently, there was every incentive to eschew balderdash and to add to the average of the year's marks by a demonstration of the processes of rational thought.

The bald facts of the lineup are these: Of the eighty-three men examined, forty-one believed in the justice of a policy of race-limitation under certain circumstances. Thirty-four held that such a policy was never justified. Eight stayed on the fence. Of this last group one name was Jewish. Seven of those who opposed restriction had Jewish names. Those who favored it were all Gentiles.

All the proponents of limitation made the assumption that the number of Jews in Harvard College was increasing out of all proportion to the increase in the number of other races, and argued that this boded ill for the future of the institution. "Harvard is an American college, devoted to American ideals, maintained for the good of the greatest number. If it becomes topheavy from an over-supply of some one race, it serves neither that race nor America." "Harvard must maintain a cosmopolitan balance. Restriction, not to preserve a mere aristocratic tradition, but to keep the proportions on which fruitful educational contact depends, is justifiable and democratic."

Not all the restrictionists took this ground. Three maintained that "a college is a private institution and can sell its goods or not, as it sees fit, to whomever it pleases." One asserted that the overseers of a college have no more to do with the public weal than the directors of a bank. One even went so far as to compare Harvard College to an automobile "which I am not obliged to lend to all comers simply because they would like to ride in it." For the most part, however, the restrictionists agreed that "while the endowed college is a private corporation, it has a public function, recognized by the state."

The founding fathers, of course, came in for a deal of attention. They, it seems, "wanted certain traditions main-

tained, and it is a duty to maintain them because they align the college with the church for noble and light-giving qualities." Moreover, this inheritance is quite Anglo-Saxon. In fact, "Harvard should be the natural segregating place of the Anglo-Saxons," for they "founded this country and this college." "The Jews tend to overrun the college, to spoil it for the native-born Anglo-Saxon young persons for whom it was built and whom it really wants."

In various ways would Harvard College be injured by predominance of the Jews. Those who favor limitation shudder when they think of what would happen to her prestige. "Imagine having an alumni so strongly Jewish that they could elect their own president and officers! God forbid!" Eleven papers express great concern over the prospects for endowments in the future, and fear that the alumni will cease to feel interest in the college if Harvard fellowship becomes too Semitic. But misgiving as to the future product of the college is more potent still and the reasoning is like this: The aim of the college is to graduate men who will take high positions in the affairs of the country. The college cannot graduate such men without finding such material among the freshmen. The presence of this material depends upon the reputation of the institution, which, in turn, rests upon a cosmopolitan balance of races in its student body.

There is unanimous agreement in this group that a college education is more than a matter of "academic knowledge," rather, it consists of "social, intellectual, and athletic achievement. Admission to the college cannot be based on mere knowledge"; "personality must be taken into account." "Were it only a matter of scholarship, there would be no objection to Jews at all." But "they do not mix. They destroy the unity of the college. They are distasteful to the men who have made Harvard what it is today, and if we do not look out, these men will not send their sons to Harvard."

Now why is it that the presence of the Jew is so inimical to this highly desirable "atmosphere" that is the cynosure of endowment-givers and their sons? The restrictionists agree that it is because of the objectionable personal character of the Hebrew. They bristle with accusations, the general effect of which is to make him seem as hard to live with as a porcupine. A few say that he is in this condition irredeemably; the rest imply that if he would only improve his manners and get new ancestors, his chances would be better. "The Jewish race makes 'Take away' its motto, rather than 'Give and take.' They are governed by selfishness. They care nothing for the friends they make save as future business acquaintances; to them the social side of college life is only so much twaddle." "They want property for power rather than for use. Even in the gymnasium they take possession of the apparatus, not by using it, but by sitting on it." "Expediency is their standard of action; traditions mean nothing to them"—this of the Chosen People! "They go through college as cheaply as possible, and, having acquired their education, depart to be heard from no more, not even at the most urgent solicitations of Loan Fund collectors."

One accusation has to do with scholarship. "In harmony with their policy of getting all they can for as little as possible, Jews incidentally take a majority of the scholarships.

Thus they deprive many worthy men of other races of a chance." Here, however, we must discriminate. There is diversity of opinion as to the intellectual powers of the Jew. A considerable number of our gentlemen deny that he is, on the average, more able mentally than his critics. "He does nothing but grind. Is it surprising that he should make better grades than those of us who have broader interests?" One aggrieved individual who drew a rock-bottom grade in the examination exclaims bitterly: "They memorize their books! Thus they keep the average of scholarship so high that others with a high degree of common sense, but less parrot-knowledge, are prevented from attaining a representative grade."

But, in contrast to this grudging view are those, even among the restrictionists, who assert that the Jew is superior. "It is a fact," one remarks, "that on the average, the Hebrews are brighter than the rest of us." Another sees in this undoubted fact a compensatory value: "They don't do much socially, but they serve the university by keeping up the intellectual standards."

One of the more careful papers differentiates between two general types of Hebrew: (1) "Those who, with the Chinese, are the intellectual leaders of all universities, who have grown beyond a particular race, being of universal intellect, and (2) those who are domineering, eager for advancement, pushing, disliked even by other members of their own race." He remarks further: "One must remember that a race which has been so oppressed is bound to take a keen delight in its own prowess, to boast of its achievement, to give undue prominence to any fancied injury, even to become arrogantly objectionable. To deal with them, a college must follow a policy of elastic limitation, one which allows for differences, because," says he, "it must be granted that the fact that the Puritans arrived first and stole the land from the Indians should give them no prior lien on Harvard Yard and its privileges."

A few of the restrictionists have a black outlook upon the racial question. "Race prejudice," avers one, "is inevitable. All that we can do is to keep it at a minimum, and the best way to do that is to avoid contact that is irritating." One gloomy youth says: "College experience has magnified my race prejudice, because I have been brought into unpleasant relations with races that I did not know before." "Jews are an unassimilable race, as dangerous to a college as indigestible food to a man. They have put Russia in a bad way!" Two students find a parallel to Jewish exclusion in measures adopted to keep out Orientals. One of these does not confine his suspicions to the Jews, but would also exclude the Irish "or what amounts to the same thing, the Catholics." The latter, by the way, "long ago saw the folly of forcing themselves on the American college, and built institutions of their own. This is the way out for the Jews. They will have full freedom in a place populated by themselves." Another finds an instructive parallel in the case of the Negroes. "I do not despise a Negro, although I have lived in the South—and, indeed, we couldn't get along without them and their plantation habits. But they stay by themselves. Let the Jews follow their example and go to colleges of their own."

Here, however, there is a deal of dissent. Some of the restrictionists, as well as their opponents, say that this would be a mere side-stepping of the problem. "It would only intensify the racial divisions now too evident among us."

Such is the case presented by those who favor limitation. Freedom is all right, they say, but "a college must not be

enslaved by its liberalism." With that in mind, let us compare the views of the men who oppose restrictions, omitting save in one case the discussions of Jewish students. It is significant that several of the men who are to be quoted admitted a personal prejudice against Hebrews, but discarded "what I sometimes feel" for "what I think." On what basis, ask these gentlemen, should students be admitted to college?

"The only requisite for a college student should be the ability to pursue his studies with profit." "A college is founded on a basis of service to those who deserve it. The moment it is hinted that there is some other purpose more important than developing the intellect and character of the community, the college assumes a new and lesser role." "Certainly the aim of an educational institution is not to be a desirable collection of pleasing people."

Every applicant, it is contended, "should have the opportunity to prove his individual worth." "One man is as good as another until he proves himself worse." "A college should be the home of tolerance, of which racial restrictions are the spiritual negation."

"To maintain that a race is inferior is nothing short of ridiculous," says the Jewish student from whom I shall quote this once. "Inferior in what? In intellectual culture? Or merely in opportunity? Who can tell? Every race has its bad as well as its good. Each tends to consider itself superior because it excels in those things which it values. Often the excellence is more apparent than real." In a number of papers the point is made that differences between individuals of the same race are greater than those between races. In short, the anti-restrictionists agree that "objectionable *individuals* must be eliminated, not *races*. We must seek ability independent of race, as of sex."

"If, under fair examinations, Jews predominate among the entrants, it can be due only to the laziness or lack of talent of those who fail. If Christians are unable to compete intellectually with Jews, if they fail to take the same advantage of their opportunities, then the Christians should suffer, not the Jews. If the traditions of Harvard are not able to inspire us, her non-Jewish sons, to excel intellectually, then those traditions must go. They must not be used as a stone wall to protect the mental infants of the future from the incursions of a more enlightened alien race."

As to the desire of the restrictionists to keep the college fairly representative of the country at large, the answer is equally emphatic: "An educational institution should not be representative of all people, but only of those with ambition and ability to do its work. This has nothing to do with race and religion." "To tell a Cohen, whose average on the college board examinations was 90, that he cannot enter because there are too many Jews already, while a grade of 68 will pass a Murphy, or one of 62 a Morgan, hardly seems in line with the real interests of the college."

These gentlemen, it seems, do not fear the consequences of equal opportunities of entrance. On the contrary, they hold that a policy of restriction would be disastrous beyond comparison, in that it involves a repudiation of the confidence which, in a democracy, one racial element must have in the others. "Such restriction—a new thing in America—means perpetuation of the race hatreds of the past, with all their attendant results." Can a college take the responsibility for initiating such a series? As to the future of the college itself, restriction is the first step on a path that leads to barrenness. The true way of the educational institution, according to these papers, is to bring

about contact which shall be a revelation of admirable qualities in the races so brought together, and to foster a competition which shall be a replica, on a higher plane, of the racial competition which the student must meet when he goes out into democratic life. "The sensitiveness of which some of our fellow-students complain, in having to deal with people not quite like themselves, is often nothing but ignorance and a narrow mind."

The final objections to a policy of restriction have to do with difficulties involved. How can any racial percentage

be fixed so as to be equitable? Should not a policy such as this apply to all races, rather than to one only? Would not Harvard's reputation suffer more from such a step than from an increase in the number of Jewish students? Is it not a serious repudiation of tradition? Is not the anti-Jewish feeling the un-American element in the situation, rather than the Jews themselves? And would it not be wise for the authorities to attempt improvement of the methods of intercourse between the student groups before they undertake a policy so dubious as that of racial restriction?

Americanization—Yes, and For Whom?

By WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS

THIRTY years ago the great Carnegie strike and its subsequent riots tore the truce between steadily concentrating wealth and the steadily rising mass of partly educated workmen to flinders, and aroused among individualist Americans a dawning sense of class-consciousness, hitherto entirely lacking in the United States. At that time, outside of the slums of the cities, there was no housing problem throughout the country. Pretty generally one found the same conditions obtaining: the ordinary workman lived in a six- to eight-room story-and-a-half or two-story house, with a bit of lawn or flower-garden in the front and a somewhat larger bit of kitchen-garden in the rear. These houses ranged in value from \$1,500 to \$2,500, and were either owned by the worker or rented at from \$10 to \$18 a month from some small landowner, often from some fellow-workman who had saved up enough to own an extra house, or from some saloon-keeper who was salting down his gains so that he could retire at fifty or sixty and live on his income as a landlord. A few only of the houses in the cities were supplied with city water—a much smaller number with bath or toilet connections with the sewers; board or cinder sidewalks and graveled streets were generally the rule, and gas-lights or small incandescent electric lights illumined the corners of the streets on moonless nights.

The foreign element was chiefly Irish or German, and the impressions of the native American as he got into their quarter of the town was one of beer and intensive gardening in the German and a bit of slovenliness and a few extra pigs in the streets in the Irish. The Italian we knew simply as the keeper of fruit and peanut stands, or organ-grinders who, with their attendant monkeys, were the sure sign that winter was over.

The public at large knew almost nothing of the iron and coal regions, of the conditions that obtained there, and of the people who worked there. What little they did know pertained to the Molly McGuires and Allan Pinkerton's "Detectives," but it was all very hazy. When the accounts of the July riots began to fill the papers, and the letters of the 6,500 men of the Pennsylvania National Guard engaged in restoring law and order were read by the home folks, a new element came to the notice of the public—the Slav.

The Slav, we discovered, lived in all kinds of old buildings, old business blocks, tenements, single houses; usually he did not have his family with him, but herded in gangs of from ten to twenty men in a house or flat that once had housed a single family—generally with one woman as "land-

lady." And besides the incredible number of men he could pour out of a building into a riot, we discovered that he had had military drill in a continental army and obeyed orders when given in a sufficiently overbearing tone; hence both the "riots" under the lead of McLucky and O'Donnell and the "Committee of Safety," when the Slavs were given arms and led to do the fighting, and the collapse of both the rioting and the strike when they realized that the military authorities were no longer acting under the civil authorities but had proclaimed martial law and meant business.

From here on American workmen began to be conscious of two things heretofore outside their thought, namely, that certain industries were no longer operated by single employers in each locality. Instead, groups of employers controlled entire sections of the iron and coal regions, so that a man who left the employ of one of them, or was discharged, could not obtain employment from another in that region if his former employer objected. In other words, the employers combined to keep a "blacklist" of the men they found too independent. The second thing that impinged upon the worker's consciousness was that he was being compelled to compete for his job and his wage with men who did not bring their families to the United States, who had no intention of doing so or of becoming citizens, who came but to reap a golden harvest as quickly as possible, to accumulate \$2,000 or \$3,000 in order to return as "capitalists" to their native countries. Hence the longer the hours they worked, the more days a week, the more quickly their object would be attained.

These men would strike for higher wages more readily than the native or the Irish or the German, because they had no families to think of. But they did not care to stick out a fight for a question of principle, for shorter hours or better working conditions. Neither did they care anything about the quality of housing—it was all better than they were used to at home—and they were content to go back home and finish their lives under the old-world conditions of sanitation and housing.

So began a thirty years' struggle of the American, Irish, and German workman, home lovers all, liberty lovers all, against the growth of the Trust which, not content with owning an industry, marched on to own the housing of its employees. The struggle was in a sense double-edged, chiefly against the employer for better wages, shorter hours, better living conditions, better educational advantages for their children, for a fair share of the increasing wealth and comfort for the toiler—and also on the other hand

against the swiftly increasing Slav and South European element that had no home ties here and intended none, that cared nothing for the future generation, nothing for the welfare of women and children, that neither thought nor desired time to think.

Thirty years have passed and we Americans are proud of our progress, of our increased wealth, of our increased scientific sanitation in the cities, our increased opportunities for education, our shorter hours of labor, and the rise of the worker to a "thinking animal"; but on what do we base our pride? Shutting our eyes to the facts! Go back today to the iron and coal regions, go wherever the great unions of employers have obtained control until they own the housing as well as the industry, and what do you find? Either the region given over largely to the Slav and the South European, jammed and packed into tenements and "company" houses—occupied by from four to eight grown men to a room, regardless of sanitation or decency (men working twelve-hour-a-day shifts, seven days a week), or you find alleged "model housing cities," of which Pullman City was an earlier forerunner.

In the South some of these employers built on land worth \$30 an acre single or double houses, with reasonable space between them; naturally with no thought of sewerage or water, and built them in *two-room* houses for Negroes and *three- and four-room* houses for the pampered whites! What moral conditions can be expected among the colored workers when you give each one bedroom for his entire family to sleep in; or what among the more favored whites with one bedroom for husband, wife, and babies, and one for his children of both sexes? These things are not done in the dark or in ignorance, they are deliberately done where land is plentiful, lumber cheap, and with the doers often so proud of them that they pay for fine volumes, with photographs and plans, to be placed in the libraries of the land to tell what philanthropists they are; at 10 per cent or more rental in every case.

Rarely except in cities that compel it is there in any one of these "model city" plans provision for baths, or even water-closets connected with a sewer—except among a few houses in each such group intended for the higher clerks, executives, and very highly skilled workmen, for whom fairly decent houses were needed to obtain their services.

Who does not realize that to design a dwelling or a flat of less than five rooms and a bathroom, intended for family use, is a crime against the coming generation, for children cannot possibly be brought up in conditions of decency in a smaller number of rooms? In fact, the one great common room of older times and cruder ways was much more nearly a healthful and morally decent condition than the contracted cubby-holes of these "model cities" whether at Beloit, Wisconsin, or Bayfield, Alabama.

Thirty years ago we said all our deficiencies were only transitory, due to individualism, and would vanish as we educated the individual to demand more of sanitation, and the refinements of decency for himself. But today it is seldom the individually owned house that lacks these essentials. It is the deliberate planning of great bodies of employers that deprives the worker of them. He must take the house provided if he takes the job; and in taking it he knows that time will not bring him anything better if the employer is allowed to be the judge. For the employer has deliberately decided that this is the amount of housing to which a man toiling at that particular job is entitled.

Today 10,000,000 people occupy "company" owned or

controlled housing in the mining, iron and steel working, and lumber districts of the United States. The rents exacted are entirely out of proportion to the accommodations given or the wages paid, and these districts house the greater part of the unassimilated and unassimilable foreign element in the United States. Here are the breeding centers of indecency, lewdness, drunkenness, and disloyalty (what indeed is there for these to be loyal to?). The blame rests squarely on the shoulders of the employers, because they, and they alone, have made surroundings for their workmen in which there are no influences to counteract this degradation. Sow, and you shall reap, is the unchangeable law of the universe, and, unless America harrows the weeds from these fields and plants the seeds of decency and citizenship in their stead, we shall reap revolt and revolution as surely as the seasons come and go.

I am proud today that my ancestors fought on the side of liberty and order in every struggle since the founding of Jamestown, not a generation missing its duty in more than three hundred years. I am proud that I was a private in the ranks of the Pennsylvania National Guard when it suppressed the first "Soviet" revolt at Homestead in 1892. I am proud that my son died a volunteer in the closing days of the Château-Thierry offensive in 1918. I am proud that another son is being trained to be an officer at one of our national academies to be fitted to do his part in the coming struggle to maintain law and liberty throughout the world. But I am not proud when I find each of our great civic centers eaten in some part by this cancer of inadequate, indecent housing, whole industries cursed with this blight, and when after a trip of 2,500 miles the conviction is forced on me that this is the true cause of the unrest which is seething into rebellion among the foreign and Negro elements.

We Americans do not grudge our blood to the nation to right a wrong, but we do look with horror upon the idea of pouring it out to subdue men maddened into revolt by filthy housing and by twelve-hour-a-day, seven-days-a-week, no-vacation labor schedules. I have no doubt that we shall go through with it when the time comes, but the thinking American workman, who must furnish the blood to do it, hopes that when that day comes those who are the cause will perish also with those who are the effect.

Contributors to This Issue

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These United States—XI*

DELAWARE: The Ward of a Feudal Family

By ARTHUR WARNER

LEGALLY adopted or wantonly kidnapped from the Sisterhood of the Forty-eight, Delaware has become the ward of a feudal family and the victim of a family feud. Of no other child of these United States is one family so closely in control; upon no other have the actions, the aspirations, and the quarrels of a single family had so profound a repercussion.

The visitor is apprised of the dominance of the Du Ponts the moment he descends from the train in Wilmington. He is driven, as a matter of course, to the Hotel du Pont. He discovers it to be part of the huge Du Pont Building, which dwarfs all other structures and contains, besides the hotel and corridor upon corridor of offices, one of the city's principal theaters. In addition to the executive offices of the great explosives company, with its numerous offshoots and graftings, the newcomer notes the existence of the Du Pont Country Club, the Du Pont Gun Club, and the Alexis I. du Pont School; he learns that there is a North and a South Du Pont Street in Wilmington and not far outside of it a town of Dupont and a fort of the same designation. The Wilmington City Directory for 1921-1922 lists twenty-eight persons or organizations bearing the family name.

These are merely superficial evidences of the infiltration of Dupontism. Investigation reveals more vital and surprising saturation. Since 1906, when Henry A. du Pont broke the long legislative deadlock caused by the stubborn candidacy of John Edward Addicks and was seated in the United States Senate, the leadership of the Republican Party in Delaware has been in the Du Pont family. Since 1921, when T. Coleman du Pont went into the United States Senate by a trade with the Democratic incumbent, Josiah O. Wolcott, the Democratic Party in the State has been disorganized and divided, unable to present any adequate opposition. In addition to large holdings of real estate and the great power exercised through the explosives company, the Du Ponts have sapped in numerous directions into Delaware finance. Lamont du Pont is the largest single stockholder in the powerful Wilmington Trust Company while Alfred I. du Pont and his cousin William control the Delaware Trust Company, with its home office in Wilmington and a half dozen branches in other towns.

Even more important in the process of Dupontization than political and industrial power—though far less understood and appreciated in Delaware—is the hold of the family upon the means of influencing public opinion in the State: newspapers, welfare organizations, and the schools. All of the three daily newspapers printed in Delaware (the *Wilmington Morning News*, the *Evening Journal*, and the *Every Evening*) are in Du Pont hands, together with the *Delmarvia Star*, the only Sunday newspaper of general cir-

ulation published in Wilmington. Since 1918 a body known as the Service Citizens has become the leading—and to some extent the engulfing—welfare organization of the State by grace of an annual subsidy of \$90,000 given by Pierre S. du Pont. Under his presidency and under a director selected by him, the Service Citizens have conducted educational campaigns to create popular sentiment for a variety of purposes, having been especially active in promoting Mr. Du Pont's most cherished and ambitious civic project: rebuilding the public schools. The Delaware School Auxiliary Association, headed by the director of the Service Citizens, has been organized to administer a school building fund given by Mr. Du Pont. A complete reconstruction of the State's school buildings for Negroes is under way at a cost of a million dollars. The work is expected to be finished in 1923, while it is planned to expend about two and a half millions—in addition to money raised by local communities through taxation—to give modern structures to the white children.

This program is the outgrowth of a movement for better schools which has been the overshadowing political issue in Delaware for the last four years. A survey by the United States Bureau of Education in 1917 placed Delaware thirty-ninth among the States in its school opportunities. A year later the report of a commission appointed by the General Education Board showed the defects in detail. Largely as a result of this report a new school code was put through the legislature, but partly because of expense and partly because of interference with certain ancient local customs the new law became the vortex of one of the most turbid political whirlpools that has ever stirred the State, and has been changed twice since. It was the outcry against the expense of the State's school program that led Mr. Du Pont to undertake the job at his own cost.

Although formerly a member of the State Board of Education, Mr. Du Pont has nothing to do now with the administration of the schools and I am convinced that his rebuilding program is inspired by the most sincere and disinterested motives. At the same time it has given him an indirect influence upon a fundamental process in the development of public opinion—the training of the young mind—and it is charged that in carrying out his school projects underlings have used the power of his money to coerce or buy action according to their wishes. The fact that the Delaware School Auxiliary Association may grant or withhold its funds for building in the case of any community obviously gives it a powerful lever which, some say, it has not been backward in using. Its stipulation that its own architects must be employed and that school equipment must be purchased through it are also criticized. Mr. Du Pont's activities embrace not only the whole public-school system, but he has also given largely to Delaware University—the only institution of higher learning in the State—among the trustees of which his friends and relatives are well entrenched.

No family in America of equal wealth has stuck more tenaciously to its ancestral home or been more closely identi-

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This is the eleventh article in the series entitled *These United States*. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 18; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 23; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9, and Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23.

fied with the land than the Du Ponts. Neither for administrative nor residence purposes has New York been able to lure them away. Predominantly they are still to be found within a few miles of the original powder mill which Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, their progenitor in this country, set up on the banks of Brandywine Creek, near the present city of Wilmington, in 1802. The close identification of the family with Delaware during all this period is the more remarkable when one considers that the manufacturing establishments of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company have of necessity gone elsewhere, the last one in the State—the original mill on the Brandywine—having been abandoned this year.

The Du Pont family has been self-contained, clannish, and on the whole respected, if not loved, by its neighbors. The third generation has come and mostly gone without the proverbial transition from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. But for the Du Ponts the second hundred years will be the hardest. During the first century the family took little part in public life and even up to now only two members of it—ex-Senator Henry A. du Pont and the present Senator T. Coleman du Pont—have gone into politics as politics. It was solely because of a family squabble that Alfred I. du Pont took his spectacular plunge into the political pool of Delaware several years ago. Just as, until recently, the family kept out of politics, so it kept out of any business but its own. But the forces of the Twentieth Century which have been fusing politics with business, and squeezing both into molds prescribed by the banks, have carried the Du Ponts with them. The war, with its Midas touch, was a great stimulus. The company expanded from 5,000 to 100,000 employees and its profits bulged in proportion. For the year 1916 the company paid 100 per cent on its common stock, while in consequence of the war that stock ran the gamut from about \$20 to \$1,000 a share. Naturally these fabulous profits accelerated a transition already begun in the careers of the Du Ponts—from makers simply of explosives to captains of industry interested in dyes, automobiles, and a host of other products; then from captains of industry to politicians, bankers, and directors of public opinion.

The living Du Ponts who have come most into public notice are four: Henry A., Alfred I., T. Coleman, and Pierre S. All are cousins, the first named belonging to the third generation of the family in this country and the other three to the fourth. Henry A. du Pont, the ex-Senator, is the titular head of the family, receiving the first call on New Year's Day and the consideration due his eighty-four years among relatives where feudal traditions are strong. Henry A. du Pont is known as "the Colonel," while T. Coleman (now Senator) has raised himself to the rank of "the General." The title of "the Colonel" is a legitimate one descending from service in the Civil War. So far as can be learned, the only fighting front upon which "the General" has served is the sector at Dover occupied by the staff of the Governor of Delaware. It seems a bit incongruous that a Civil War veteran of eighty-four should be only a colonel while his junior adorning a Governor's staff should be a general. But when picking a title for yourself, you might as well choose a good one.

"Cherchez la femme." As already suggested, the evolution of the Du Ponts from small to big business and from big business to industrial politics has been part of a process going beyond them or their State. The unique results

in Delaware are due partly to its smallness and partly to a woman—or, rather, to two women. In 1907 Alfred I. du Pont, having divorced his first wife, married again. But the Du Pont family refused to ratify the divorce and declined to receive the new wife. In some families and in some States this would scarcely have mattered. Among the Du Ponts and in Delaware it did. Retaliation and a family quarrel ensued which have been largely responsible for the orgy of vote buying that Delaware has recently experienced and the present demoralization of the Democratic Party. T. Coleman du Pont, having decided to get out of the explosives business, offered his stock for sale to the company. It was refused by the company on the advice of its president, then Pierre S. du Pont. The latter subsequently organized a pool in the family—in which Alfred I. du Pont was not included—and bought the stock. Alfred I. joined in a suit to prevent the sale of the securities to the pool. Eventually the courts sustained the arrangement, but in the meanwhile the family had become divided and the political debauchery of the State which Addicks began had been carried to a new stage. For Alfred I. du Pont jumped into politics as a means of sabotaging his opponents in the family squabble. The term of Colonel Henry A. du Pont as United States Senator was to expire in 1917. Failing in an effort to prevent his renomination, Alfred I. du Pont put an independent Republican up against his cousin and succeeded in throwing the election to the Democratic candidate, Josiah O. Wolcott. In connection with his political fight Alfred I. du Pont bought the Wilmington *Morning News* and obtained the control of several influential weeklies down State. By 1918 he had come almost, if not altogether, to control the Republican State machine. Is it necessary to add that money was burned like gunpowder in achieving these results?

But at this point Alfred I. du Pont became involved financially. Pierre S. du Pont came to his assistance, obtaining for him a loan from J. P. Morgan and Company. One of the conditions—or, at least, consequences—was the surrender by Alfred I. of the *Morning News* and other newspaper properties. About the same time the *Every Evening*, the only Democratic daily in the State, with a tradition of independence and ability, came on the market and was purchased by a brother-in-law of Pierre S. du Pont. The *Evening Journal* had been acquired a little earlier by others of the family. This publication and the *Morning News* were placed under centralized control, but for the sake of appearances the *Every Evening* was leased to a Democrat who makes a certain show of conducting it in opposition to the other two. The most immediate consequence of the Dupontization of the daily press of Delaware has been not so much to deprive the State of independent political discussion—which few communities enjoy—as to put a stop to the useful revelations that grow out of partisan journalism elsewhere. Amidst the myriad and often conflicting interests of the Du Ponts the editors of their newspapers find it hard to discuss any vital questions and are most at home when deploring, or pointing with pride to—the weather.

Now let us move forward to 1921. Senator Wolcott, elected on a fluke, had never cared for the job. He did want to be Chancellor of Delaware, the highest judicial office in the State. On the other hand T. Coleman du Pont wanted to go to Washington. His business is largely outside of Delaware—he has a string of hotels and other in-

terests—but he has given four million dollars for a north and south highway through the State and has liberally subventioned the Boy Scouts, Consumers' League, and other organizations of Wilmington. So the strange spectacle was witnessed of a Republican Governor appointing a Republican as United States Senator while asking a Republican legislature to confirm the nomination of a Democrat for Chancellor. It was done; but against the vehement protest of one wing of the Democratic Party, that led by ex-Senator Saulsbury, the adherents of which openly charge that the arrangement was an over-the-counter cash transaction, even going so far as to name the amounts that various persons received. In any event the affair further split the already disorganized Democrats, and is the latest chapter in the political corruption begun by Addicks and continued by Dupontism—a debauchery so general and direct that, in the southern part of the State especially, farmers have come to regard their votes as a staple crop, legitimate as sweet potatoes, and to market them almost as shamelessly.

As indicating the vagaries of Du Pont journalism, it may be noted that the *Evening Journal* and the *Morning News*, which, of course, are supporting T. Coleman du Pont for election in November for a full Senatorial term, are condemning the appointment a year ago of Mr. Wolcott—which was for the sole purpose of creating a vacancy for their candidate.

So much for the Du Ponts. Now what of the fabric of the State upon which they have embroidered their lives? Delaware is the second smallest State in the Union both in area and population. Politically speaking, one may question whether it ought to be a State at all. The fact that it has two Senators and only one Representative in Congress shows how illogical its situation is. Geographically, industrially, and socially, there is even less reason for its statehood. It is an artificial slice of the peninsula that lies between Delaware and Chesapeake bays. This region, locally known as the Delmarvia Peninsula, is an almost perfect entity in its geographical situation, its industries, and its inhabitants. But Fate has decreed that the southern tip of this peninsula shall belong to Virginia, the western part to Maryland, and the rest to Delaware. And in spite of all reasons to the contrary so it will probably remain.

This whole Delmarvia Peninsula lies only a few feet above sea level. The watershed between Delaware and Chesapeake bays is so inconspicuous that even Nature scarcely knows where to find it. Rivers that run—or drag their way—toward the Chesapeake are so interlaced at their source with those going in the other direction that they must often get wretchedly mixed. Brother and sister currents in the same rivulet may find themselves deflected by a pebble or a tuft of grass, not to meet again until they hail one another in the great Atlantic, one having arrived via the Chesapeake and Cape Charles, the other by the Delaware and Cape May. These level acres make wonderful fruit and vegetable gardens. Yes, you exclaim, the Delaware peach! Ah, but disease brought the peach orchards near to extinction several years ago; for a time peaches became as scarce in Delaware as cowboys in the streets of Chicago. They have returned somewhat, but tend to be overshadowed now by apples. Meanwhile the strawberry flourishes, encouraged by Prohibition and the seething and multiplying soda-water fountain. Some twenty million quarts are picked in a good year—at 2½ cents a quart! At least that was the pay proffered in Wilmington at the beginning of

the 1922 season. It is the same as, or only half a cent better than, the rate twenty years ago when farmers were glad to sell their berries at six to eight cents a quart instead of twenty to twenty-five. The answer is: child labor. The State has a child-labor law which forbids the once prevalent employment of children under fourteen years of age in canneries, but like most such legislation the statute does not apply to farm work. Thousands of children are employed—and kept out of school in the meanwhile—to gather strawberries, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and other products of the vast garden from which Delaware largely subsists. Without such assistance it is argued—doubtless justly—that the farmers would be well-nigh helpless. Which raises another problem.

Despite the fact that it lies on the Eastern seaboard midway between North and South, Delaware is one of the least visited of our States—one of the least disturbed by the winds of controversy, cult, and progress that roar over the rest of the Union. Thousands of persons pass through the northern tip of the State every week on the two great railway routes between New York City and Washington, but if they stop at all it is only in Wilmington. And Wilmington is no more like the rest of Delaware than New York City is like the rest of the United States. Wilmington contains nearly half of Delaware's 223,003 inhabitants, but it does not rule its State as certain other large cities of the country do theirs. It has only two of seventeen members in the State Senate and five representatives among thirty-five in the lower house. It is by no means allowed to hog the political plums, custom decreeing that the Governor, the two United States Senators, the one Representative, and other officials be passed around among the three counties of the State according to a regular rotation.

When one leaves the trunk railways at Wilmington and heads southward—as few but commercial travelers seem to do—he begins to penetrate the real Delaware. If he goes in springtime, as I did, he sees in progress a vast and omnipresent assault upon the soil, a mass attack upon the earth with plow and harrow and seed drill. Acre upon acre of pink, freshly turned ground. Peach orchards waving leaves of shiny yellow-green. Apple orchards with nodding boughs of cool gray-green. Fields lying fallow, brilliant with crimson clover and golden patches of blossoming wild mustard.

Dover is the smallest State capital in the United States and with two exceptions the only one of less than 5,000 inhabitants. Its shady streets are restful and its public square, or Green, carries one well out of the toil and moil of this Twentieth Century. Planted with towering sycamores, elms, and maples, the Green is surrounded by still more ancient buildings, among which stand out the Court House and the State Capitol, both of mellow saffron brick with milk-white columns, porticos, and cupolas, reminiscent of colonial days in the old South. The buildings that are not Court House or State Capitol gleam with brass plates carrying the names of lawyers sufficient for the whole of Delaware. To be a lawyer caged behind a glass door in an iron-ribbed New York office building has always seemed to me a job I should enjoy not having; but to sit behind a brass plate, put my feet on the desk, and look out over Dover Green—well, there could be worse occupations, particularly if not interrupted by too many clients.

If Delaware is little disturbed from without, it is even less so from within. Settled originally by English and Dutch stock, its population has been largely self-perpetuat-

ing with remarkably little of the later foreign infusions which have transformed or created so many of our other States. The old English law prevails in Delaware more intact perhaps than anywhere in our country, together with the ancient legal vocabulary. Delaware still has its courts of chancery and of oyer and terminer. The pillory existed up to recent date and the whipping-post still survives, uniquely among the States. The political division of the hundred—corresponding to a township—persists, as does the levy court with its levy courtmen (the latter administrative, not judicial, officers).

Like all self-contained and ingrowing communities, Delawareans look with suspicion upon persons coming to live among them who have been so ill advised as to be born somewhere else. Sometimes years of residence can hardly remove the taint from the carpet-bagger. The head of a philanthropic society, who had come from another State, told me that after urging some action upon a public officer the latter said to him kindly but as if actuated by some great principle: "I like you, but I sha'n't vote for the appropriation because you're not a Delawarean."

Wilmington is the spot in the State, if any, where one would expect to encounter an eager intellectual life. Does one? On the half-mile stretch of Market Street from Christiana Creek to the Du Pont Building—the city's chief business artery—I discovered only one bookstore. Wishing to know where the others might be, I consulted the City Directory and found only one other listed for all of Wilmington! The automobile, the five-and-ten-cent store, the movies, and the pineapple nut sundae have entered Delaware with their standardized virtues and vulgarities, but of mental stimulus the State seems to produce little and to import less. A young woman in Wilmington (a carpet-bagger from New England) confessed to a liking for the newer poetry, but said she had found nobody who cared to discuss it with her. "They think my interest in it is just the eccentricity of a Boston highbrow."

Delawareans generally deplore the political corruption of their State and some look with apprehension on the growing financial ascendancy of a single family. But they are almost unanimously unaware even of the facts of, much less the danger in, the control by the Du Ponts of press, welfare work, and education. When these things are called to their attention they plead as excuse the State's poverty and backwardness, heedless that such conditions are intensified and solidified by the stifling of independence and initiative. In this, of course, the people of Delaware are not alone. They are children of a generation pathetically and universally eager to barter permanent spiritual values in return for opportunist material advantages. The Dupontization of Delaware is not a unique development. It is an advanced stage of a process under way in the United States as a whole. All along the line existing governmental organization—Federal, State, and municipal—grows increasingly impotent before the important questions of the age. It is baffled to find either the money or the intelligence to attack big problems in a big way. On the other hand the last twenty years have seen a vast augmentation of private benefaction and the establishment of various foundations the interest charges upon whose great funds are a controlling lever upon the work—and thus the lives—of thousands of men and women yet unborn. If a sparse scattering of Carnegie libraries and Rockefeller colleges is good for the rest of America, why is not the State-wide, all-inclusive educa-

tional plant promised to Delaware by Dupontism a superboon? Either Delaware is right, or the rest of the country too is wrong. We must be willing to consider a new industrial basis for society or to drift on in the direction of an oligarchy ruled not by supermen but by superwealth.

If this is to be the destiny of the Sisterhood of the Forty-eight, then credit as the leader of a new Americanism—not blame as a backslider from the old—belongs to Delaware under the dynasty of the Du Ponts.

Meanwhile the aroma of the strawberry and the fragrance of the peach perfume the State; the Green at Dover is a tonic for fretful minds; and the potato biscuit which I ate at Lewes survives in memory as a work of art which ennobles a whole State—a deed of piety for which some woman ought to be canonized.

[The next article in this series, to appear September 20, will be Tennessee: Three-Quarters of Bewilderment, by E. E. Miller.]

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Books

Concerning "Free Verse"

RECENTLY several conservative and liberal critics have returned to their old attack upon that mode of expression falsely known as "free verse" and their assertions have lacked both plausibility and accuracy. From Louis Untermeyer, with his claims that certain well-known American poets have deserted "free verse" for rhyme and meter, to Albert Jay Nock, with his argument that "free verse" poets are in reality writers of prose and should create in an actual prose form, they have all allowed their fanatical admiration for rhyme and meter to interfere with the fairness and clarity of their thoughts.

In his recent *Nation* article, *Return of the Vers Libre*, Mr. Untermeyer cites a list of contemporary poets who have returned to rhyme and meter, and claims that this movement has been caused by a desire, on the part of the poet, to return to the more enticing difficulties of regular forms. Mr. Untermeyer's list is both exaggerated and inaccurate. He mentions the fact that Mr. Masters is writing in blank verse, but fails to admit that this later verse is greatly inferior to the "free verse" written at the start of Mr. Masters's career; he calls attention to the country-rhymes created by Orrick Johns at present, although Mr. Johns began with rhyme and has never at any time fully deserted it; and he cites my own use of regular forms, although I am still employing an equal number of more irregular molds. In fact, with the exception of H. D. and Alfred Kreymborg, all of the poets mentioned by Mr. Untermeyer have at all times used both rhyme and meter and "free verse," merely shifting the emphasis to one side or another during different periods within their creative labors. The truth of the matter is that an actual poet realizes that both rhyme and meter and "free verse" are equally permanent and important, and simply uses that form which, in his opinion, is more intensely and snugly adapted to his poetic content. If he desires to shape lyrical emotions, in which thought merely plays the role of a blindly obedient servant, he will use the smooth precision of rhyme and meter, and his lyrical emotions will enjoy the sweet sadness of beating their hands against formal walls. But if his intentions are ironical or satirical, or if his emotions are rebellious and more attentive to thought, he will prefer the more elastic irregularity of so-called "free verse."

The term "free verse" is so misleading that one is almost tempted to believe that it was maliciously invented by the opponents of irregular forms in poetry. Poetry, in common with the other arts, can never be actually "free" in the sense that freedom means an utter lack of restrictions and limitations, for the form of any artistic creation must represent an inevitable and transparent glove for the content in its final emergence. Since the content of a creation itself is a slave to different designs and qualities, the form must share this bondage or become inadequate and incongruous. Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" would lose its air of neatly fantastic nonsense if it were changed to "free verse," while Carl Sandburg's sprawling and massive poems would appear ridiculous if they attempted to squeeze themselves within the narrow outlines of rhyme and meter. But Mr. Sandburg's poems are by no means free unless freedom merely means the acceptance of larger and less obvious restrictions. The "free verse" writer, if he is an actual poet, must evolve a form of his own—a form that incloses the varied intensities and qualities of his content, with an effortless but triumphant affirmation; and compared to this task the shaping of mountains would be an easy affair. Probably the reason why so many poets fail at "free verse" is that the originality of their imaginations does not find itself equal to the labor of perfecting this individual form and what they achieve is merely a purposeless clash between form and content. It is deliciously easy to write a bad example of "free verse," and that is perhaps the reason why so many people have

attempted it during the past ten years, but it is also equally easy to fashion a jingle or a trite love lyric in rhyme, as the pages of many an American magazine will testify. Excellent rhymed verse and "free verse" both present equally formidable difficulties, but these difficulties are of different kinds and they bar the way to important but dissimilar attainments. In rhymed and metered verse the poet must subject his thoughts and emotions to a prearranged discipline, while in "free verse" he must invent the discipline himself. Mr. Untermeyer seems to believe that it is much easier to create "free verse" than to struggle with rhyme and meter, but if this is true, then it is also easier to command yourself than to drill under the orders of several captains. In a false simile, Mr. Untermeyer compares "free verse" to putty and wax that yields quickly to the fingers, but those poets who find that it is wax were probably looking for a hasty victory and determined not to be disappointed! "Free verse" has always been a ridiculous label for irregular forms in poetry; "changing verse" would be more exact.

But at this point I will leave Mr. Untermeyer's facetious misunderstandings in regard to irregular forms of verse and consider Mr. Nock's recent and veiled attacks. Mr. Nock did not disrobe his intentions but employed a more subtle device—one well known to the ancient Chinese: that of claiming an immense friendliness toward the object which one is seeking to annihilate; and his arguments are adroitly and cautiously worded. He declares that since "free verse" at its best is only excellent poetic prose, free-verse writers should turn their attention to the novel and short story, thus injecting a much-needed poetic element into actual prose creations of the present. It would seem that Mr. Nock believes that poetry is established by a formally divided rhythm and by a smooth blending of sound, but this belief is open to the usual serious questions. Certainly no one would claim that a sculptor, who painted his figures and changed their outlines to suit his different colors, was a "sculptural painter." Why, then, is it necessary to commit the equal hair-splitting absurdity of asserting that a free-verse writer is one who creates "poetic prose"? Prose in its entire essence cannot change to poetry and still miraculously retain its former identity, and if the content is poetic and distinctly rhythmical, the absence of monotonously recurring meter and rhyme should not be basis for a prose-definition. A great deal of minute nonsense has been written about rhythm, but rhythm in literature is simply the satisfactory echo of a keenly voiced content and is not dependent upon certain formal and well-sanctioned arrangements.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

A Man of Taste

Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

LONG ago Anatole France called history, science, and philosophy the beautiful romance with which man, forever imprisoned in his subjective dream, builds about him a visionary world in which to live. Mr. Santayana, who detests the "arrogant" idealism of the Germans from which Anatole France drew his notion, nevertheless echoes and repeats it when he speaks of the "studious daylight fiction which we call history and philosophy." The difference between the two thinkers is that Mr. Santayana accepts science, and the universe as science depicts it, as incontrovertibly real. He is no universal skeptic. He glances at the godless cosmos of sickening distances and unimaginable masses and believes. He believes and trembles. Above it and beyond it the civilized man must build up a world of human values and traditions in which his real life is to be passed. He who disturbs that world and lets the intolerable brightness of the cold spaces of the universe stream in is a barbarian and disloyal to the decencies and sanctities of man.

So far, so good. One may indeed ask whether life and philosophy had not better try to include the universe as given; whether the monster might not become less monstrous in the

warmth of familiarity. But the philosopher, like the poet, must be granted his assumptions. The weakness of Mr. Santayana's position lies in the fact that, since the values and traditions out of which the spiritual dwelling-place of civilization is built are not rooted in accessible and controllable realities, they are, of necessity, mere matters of opinion and controversy. This criticism is borne out by the controversial character of Mr. Santayana's later writings. Were his style of a less sovereign urbanity, he would have moments of nagging and of downright peevishness. His ultimate appeal is to nothing more compelling, however admirable, than his own temper and taste.

Mr. Santayana, who has written so nobly and persuasively of the reason, is largely governed by aesthetic perceptions of a certain sort. He fell in love with the spires of Oxford, with the clean, well-mannered youth of the British upper classes; he found tea in country houses a charming ceremony. Why should he not? But because these things soothed and pleased him he is convinced that the countrymen of Lord Fisher never entertained a conscious thought of war, conquest, coercion, and paints a picture of the character and policies of Britain that would make even Tories snort and Liberals grin. But "fair outward ways" are Mr. Santayana's intellectual undoing. He dislikes Germans because they write turgid philosophical prose and wear ill-cut clothes, Americans because they are not urbane and are over-eager, Jews because they gesticulate with their hands. He dislikes the Reformation; he dislikes liberalism so intensely that, in a brilliantly sophistical passage, he tries to identify the liberalism of John Stuart Mill with the idealism of Fichte. He wants to exonerate Mill, who was an Englishman and a stylist, at the expense of Fichte, who was neither. It is by such means that Mr. Santayana seeks to build up the spiritual universe. It will not be, one suspects, a crowded one despite the eloquence of his invitation. His tastes and distastes create moments of noble passion. "My instinct is to go and stand under the cross, with the monks and the crusaders, far away from these Jews and Protestants who adore the world and govern it." But this passion and nobility live at the cost of a vast exclusion. Nowhere in Mr. Santayana's writings is there any consciousness of those who are neither monks and crusaders nor materialized worldlings. Has he never heard that the modern world is full of Protestants and Jews and Catholics who are far less concerned with the cross than with Jesus of Nazareth and who, under a hundred names and banners, seek to make life and the natural world comelier, juster, happier, especially for those who have "no fair outward ways," nor handsome traditions, nor aesthetic freedom but who are simply the great majority of mankind?

No, as a philosophic commentator on human life as a whole Mr. Santayana need not be taken too seriously. As a writer of prose and a fashioner of aphorisms he can scarcely be taken seriously enough. These soliloquies have not, perhaps, quite the splendor and marble glow of "The Life of Reason"; they contain passages and pages unmatched in contemporary English. "The blackest tragedy," he writes with magnificent truth, "is festive; the most pessimistic philosophy is an enthusiastic triumph of thought." His own philosophy, at its most arbitrary, is a consummate gesture and a triumph of ordered speech.

L. L.

Seeing or Reading

Since Cézanne. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$2.50.

THERE are two ways of approaching the Post-Impressionists: see them or read about them. I have followed both plans and enjoyed both pleasures, and I plump unhesitatingly for reading as against seeing. The delights presented by a study of theory are not equaled by those that accompany a survey of practice. Yes, anytime a good book about present-day painters in Paris rather than a collection of their pictures.

One may always get good entertainment from the exotic venturings of British art critics, and when they tackle painting

in Paris you sometimes incline to feel that the painters exist less for the pursuit of their own careers, the final triumph of their ephemeral causes and cliques, and the achievement of more heaped-up *gloires* for France than as vehicles for exhibiting the sensibility and acuteness of their commentators, and for promoting an intimate scrutiny that splits and resplits hairs, shades every shade still further, and pursues relationships and inter-relationships through the last delicate intricacy. I have had my fill of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and even of Renoir; but when it comes to Mr. MacColl, Mr. Fry, Mr. Hind, and (youngest of the lot) Mr. Clive Bell, I remain insatiable.

Mr. Bell perhaps rides the hardest and gets the most action out of his mount—although Mr. Hind's light clatterings resound in sprightly fashion along the highway. Mr. Bell, according to his own account, exists in a hectic state of exasperated sensibility, describing himself officially as open to "every sort of intellectual, emotional, and physical indulgence"; and he seems to demand, or to assume, that his artists (despite the fact that every studio is the scene of much plain work, and even drudgery) exist in a similar condition. To be just, however, he does pause on the "artistic problem" of keeping emotion at white heat during the long, cold days of formal construction. But to move on, this state of sensibility keeps our author alert and holds him to the spot: no one has presented more persistently and emphatically, in English, the theories that Guillaume Apollinaire, for example, has presented in French.

The great aim is "pure painting." The reign of the Abstract is at hand. Too long has the painter been under the humiliating and illogical necessity of painting *something*. Painting has been an "impure art," like literature (to quote from an earlier book of Mr. Bell's), which has never freed itself from concern with facts and ideas. There has been a tendency to substitute literary for plastic significance. What music has done (disregarding certain celebrated lapses by Richard Strauss), painting should be able to do. The new day is here. Hence Picasso; hence Picabia.

The question is, of course, that of presentative art *vs.* representative art—a matter which the Orient, within the past generation or so, has brought poignantly to the Occidental consciousness. Or, as the idea was put by Mr. Hind, when he had occasion to contrast Bastien Le Page and Augustus John, representation *vs.* expression: he also remarked, apropos of Gauguin, that nature is something not to be copied accurately but to be remembered rhythmically. Or, as Mr. Bell observed in his "Art," the artist's reactions are to be taken home and reduced to a rigorously definite conception. Or, as he says in the present volume, the theoretic basis of the movement which is associated with the name of Cézanne is "a determination to free artists from . . . the disastrous science of representation."

Mr. Bell is still waving his favorite flag of "significant form." The significance is emotional significance. As for form, art creates it, and does not imitate it. Forms and colors must be so organized as to compose coherent and self-supporting wholes. Post-Impressionism *invites* a painter to be an artist. Possibly, with all this in view, one may chance a definition of art in general: rhythmical expression of impression.

From the stiff doctrine that condemns representational art Mr. Bell makes some slight abatement. Exact representation is not necessarily bad in itself—it counts neither way. While it is fatal to sacrifice significance to representation, a perfectly representative form may yet be significant. Thus in "Art." The present book inclines to make some further concession, though slight and reluctant, to the "indifferent children of the earth." Something may be granted the appeal to life, provided that appeal be to universal experience and be made by purely aesthetic means. But he regrets that any painter should thus lapse; and even if painters fail critics must remain staunch. "Any student proposing to educate himself as a critic should be compelled to devote the first years of his course to the criticism of non-representative arts."

Cézanne, as Mr. Bell's persisting protagonist, peppers almost every page. Cézanne saw the landscape, not as a mode of light, not as a factor in the game of human life, but as an end in itself, an object of intense emotion, and he set to work to create forms through which this emotion might find expression. Science and subject were alike irrelevant. Consequently he lived and worked in his landscape, a recluse in far Provence, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, painting his sole interest. One canvas covered, it was thrown into the bushes, and the next begun. If you can better apprehend such a type in terms of literature than in terms of art, think of Mr. Tarkington. He, too, sits in retirement *en province*, delighted to write, absorbed in writing, doing and desiring to do nothing else. Though I have been visiting in the immediate Tarkingtonian circle for years, I have seen the man himself but twice: that deep privacy, spent in that Balzacian bathrobe, was not to be violated. Novels, plays, short stories . . . as soon as one canvas is finished it is hurled into the bushes of Garden City, and a new one (with slight regard for the minutiae of publication) begun. Such self-devotion, such self-abnegation, is the best if not the only way. Delight during the doing; recognition and reward ahead.

Mr. Bell, in order to enforce his main point, goes far afield: in one place or another we get the Primitives, the paleolithic artists, even a chapter on the Negro art of Africa—with Paris itself patronizingly in the foreground. He notes, here, the decline of purely instinctive art as against the machine, and points out that "at the present moment we have the extraordinary spectacle of a grand efflorescence of the highly conscious, self-critical, intellectual, individualistic art of painting among the ruins of the instinctive, uncritical, communal, and easily impressed arts of utility." And this efflorescence, in days otherwise discouraging, is the direct issue of Cézanne.

Soit. Manet had his day, and it turned out to be less than the immensely important day it seemed. Cézanne has his day, and it, in turn, may come to be overshadowed by other demands and other ideals. These various movements doubtless have their place in the general flow of tradition; but whether wavelet or tidal-wave, time will tell. Mr. Bell is quite capable of striking the rock and causing the waters to gush forth, and somehow I prefer his wand to the brushes of his heroes. The books satisfy my mind better than the pictures gratify my senses—or, rather, gratify that exacting if none too reasonable complex which I carry with me into the galleries. I shall continue to read everything that Mr. Bell writes and to see as few canvases by Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso as may be; and that large body of recent work which has been heralded as "The Purification of Painting" and denounced as "An Insult to Our Intelligence" shall leave me calm.

HENRY B. FULLER

Drama Summer Fare

IT is fortunate that the beginnings of a season in the theater foreshow neither its middle nor its end. From these beginnings you would never suppose that there was such a thing as an American theater in the serious sense or that certain hitherto commercial managers are slowly becoming convinced that, for some reason which must be dark enough to them, art does occasionally pay. The attempt to make it pay will, at all events, be made during the coming months both by those who add faith to works and by those who do not. We shall see plays by Galsworthy, Ibsen, and Hauptmann; we shall keep more than abreast of the European theater—we shall plunge into the theater of tomorrow—by having presented to us pieces by Ernst Toller and Luigi Pirandello.

There are things we shall miss. The Provincetown Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse are both suspending their activities for a year. One has the impression that the former

organization is in a rather forlorn state. Whatever reason there may be for that, it must be a purely external one. The Players were always weak on the side of production and acting; they did not always avoid perversity and faddishness; their work was fundamentally and will remain historically the most important in that distracted, alternately bold and timid, blundering and serene movement which constitutes the modern American theater. The future historian of the American drama will begin his account with the building of the little shack in Provincetown in which Susan Glaspell and her friends started upon their adventure.

The Neighborhood Playhouse, which has never allied itself closely with the native drama and so with the dramatic interpretation of life, but has rather sought for new modes of beauty through the theater, has suspended to organize its efforts more calmly, to gather its forces, to steady the drift behind its various experiments. It will reopen a year from now and will reopen, I hope, with a more robust consciousness of the oneness of art and life and so add substance and force to the rather abstract beauty which its most characteristic productions have constantly possessed.

The immediate openings of the early season all have their connection with life. It is an amusing one. It constitutes a very accurate picture of the image of the world in the minds of those who touch reality only on the side of money and machines. "Whispering Wires" (49th Street Theater) is a mystery-murder play of the "Bat" school which launches its one touch of ingenuity by a bit of verbal disingenuousness. Had the word "ear" instead of "head" been used at the end of act one the audience would have known that the revolver was in the telephone and the play have ended. "Shore Leave" (Lyceum Theater) is, for Mr. Belasco, rather maudlin and roughly finished. Miss Frances Starr trips about in an agony of rural kittenishness waiting for the "gob" to whom she has lost her heart. She inherits a fortune and tries to get rid of it; the noble "gob" will not marry money. He does, finally, in a softened form. "The Monster" (39th Street Theater) is supposed to be a thing of naked horror. The thrills leave one cold even when the mad surgeon is about to vivisection the heroine before the eyes of her lover who is tied to an electric chair. Wilton Lackaye's acting is far above the level of the play. "Manhattan" (The Playhouse) is a piece of the modern Cinderella school in which the little girl from the slums conquers the rich man's heart, inherits a fortune, becomes a lady. It has two morals: Virtue pays in dollars and cents; ignorance is power. "The Woman Who Laughs" (Longacre Theater) by Edward Locke is pseudo-Ibsen wrapped in melodrama. It indulges in the gestures of the dramatic intelligence and carefully avoids the problem presented. In "Lights Out" (Vanderbilt Theater) crooks are reformed and an old bank robbery cleared up through a film by means of which the gentle crook avenges himself upon his former "pal."

In "The Old Soak" (Plymouth Theater) by Don Marquis I expected at least another "Dulcy." It is only another "Lightnin'." The well-known idyl of life in a cottage with embroidered mottoes is first ruined and then saved by the Old Soak. The agreeable moral is that the plain sinner is better than the money-changer who pretends that his bank is a temple. Mr. Marquis as playwright and Mr. Hopkins as producer both refine skilfully upon the rude workmanship of "Lightnin'." The coarseness is softened and the obviousness concealed. A verbal comic invention that is rich and of a high order carries one over many mawkish and false moments. Mr. Harry Beresford's mimic creation of the dear old bar-room in his sitting-room and Miss Eva Williams's story of the parrot who drank himself to death are both hilarious and perfectly genuine. These two and Mr. Robert E. O'Connor, once bartender, now bootlegger, should add to the gaiety of all who can be gay for many months. If only these characters and their doings could be lifted out of the cheap sentimentalities—mortgage on the home, erring son, semi-noble cabaret dancer—with which they are now burdened.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

International Relations Section

"I Accuse"—in Porto Rico

WE print herewith an article which shows both the state of mind of the people of Porto Rico and the attitude and methods of the officials. The article appeared in *La Semana*, a weekly political journal, on June 10. As a result of its publication the editor, Nemesio R. Canales, a prominent attorney, was removed from his position in the Porto Rican Department of Justice. Alfonso Lastra Charriez, the author of the article, who has proclaimed himself a second Emile Zola, is vice-president of the House of Representatives. After the appearance of the article he was reprimanded but no charges were preferred against him. The incident caused a tremendous stir throughout Porto Rico.

The loss of some documents from the offices of the Secretary of War and the Minister of Foreign Affairs showed the existence of a traitor. Who was he?

A scandal arose, an investigation was made, the judges and accusers came on with all French public opinion behind them, and fell all over themselves to make a race question out of it.

Dreyfus was a Jew. Christian France poured out its century-old hate against the Semite, not because he was a traitor, but because he was a Jew.

Jewish France showered its sympathies on Dreyfus, not because he was innocent, but because he was the target of the Christian attacks.

At the trial the innocent man was condemned to prison, and the military illusions of a gallant army captain were trampled under foot.

For a long time Dreyfus wasted away his life behind the cold iron bars of the Isla del Diablo prison, while his indomitable spirit fought to proclaim to the world his protest against the judge who condemned him. Jewish gold was scattered uselessly before the perennial tenacity of the Christian population. Prison bit cruelly into the good and healthy flesh of the poor French martyr.

On the Continent the press debated, but the debate developed cautiously. No one dared to break through the walls of steel with which the French laws defended, and still defend, the judgments of the civil and military tribunals. Irreverence found its way ludicrously into the issues of the daily papers, where it appeared with mocking threats. The law of absolute infallibility which was designed to protect the prestige of the courts of justice in normal times had become supreme dictator of the public conscience and a painful gag on free expression of thought.

But evil is not eternal, nor is crime a fundamental doctrine in the life of civilized societies. One morning the people of Paris awakened to the shouts of the newsboys. Emile Zola, in spite of the threats of the courts, in *L'Aurore* uttered the first vigorous outcry in defense of justice, and the first anathema against the blindness of prejudice.

The judges pressed the electric buttons on their desks. The lackeys of the government offices presented themselves, self-important and serious, before the magistrates. The nervous hands of the masters of the law ran quickly over the pages of the pamphlet. Orders were given for the arrest of the great citizen. The orders were carried out; he was condemned, expelled from France; his goods were confiscated; and his pen, undisturbed and energetic, went on denouncing the judges who had failed in their duty, the witnesses who had lied, the attorneys who had brought false charges, the cabinet ministers who had kept silent about the outrage, the deputies who had not spoken, the army which had looked on with its arms folded, the president of the republic who had proved himself an accom-

plice in the outrage by his passivity, in fact the entire Government, and the French people who remained indifferent, and public opinion in the rest of the world, which was completely undisturbed by this most frightful of crimes.

The disturbance passed away and the situation became calmer.

Dreyfus was vindicated and later mounted the military ladder of the French army.

Some witnesses killed themselves for shame. The judges, attorneys, cabinet ministers, deputies, the president of the republic, the whole disreputable crowd also passed from view. Emile Zola died, to be buried in Les Invalides. Worthy tomb of so great a citizen! French opinion, universal opinion, with one finger pointed at the right, to the sordid group which, in cowardly acquiescence, perpetrated the infamous crime, and at the left, to the solid bulwark of truth and duty. Above, like a blazing sun and like a master of power and dignity, towered the splendid figure of the great journalist.

* * * * *

Porto Rico today is going through a crisis similar to the French crisis at the time of Dreyfus.

The chief executive of the island has perverted everything, and corrupted everything. Men and women of honorable consciences recoil with amazement at the insolence of this governor. He shields his misdeeds behind the violence of the law, which is manipulated at his caprice and desire. Economically, he has ruined credit and deadened business initiative. Socially, he has created a gulf between members of the island family. Politically, he has destroyed the highest principles which uphold the democratic form of government. Judicially, he has undermined the prestige and dignity of the courts. In the administrative field, he has established the doctrine by which public officials can take their private expenses out of the public funds.

The press attacks and denounces him, but it does not go deeply into a criticism of his work for fear of falling into the clutches of the law which he manipulates. It is not a small thing to censure the governor's personal acts. E. Mont Reily has made the executive department and the judicial department stand at his beck and call. Justice is a thing of the past, and the powers and prerogatives of the various officials as established by the constitution and by separate laws no longer exist. He is the police and the courts and the public schools and the treasury. He has made of the majority of judges a body of salaried officials to carry out his whims and avenge his hates. Through his agents he has drawn his net around all who have called him a robber.

The breakdown is absolute and complete. Evils advance threateningly.

At his feet he thinks he has a people lulled to sleep by the anaesthesia of fear. Some one said that tyranny brings with it revolution or degradation. Reily's tyranny has not yet brought revolution. If it does not come soon, even though it brings death with it, we shall die of nausea at contact with so much filth.

For love of my country, and law and liberty and justice, I am going to carry out a perfect imitation of the attitude of Zola.

E. Mont Reily and his accomplices must be accused by name. Then—let the magistrates give their signal, let the lackeys of the government offices present themselves, self-important and serious, let the nervous hands of the judges run quickly over the pages of the pamphlet, let the arrest be ordered, let the attorneys, attired as Pierrots, accuse, and let the cleansing prison be opened to clear us of our shame. But let us accuse, and let us accuse calmly and resolutely.

I accuse E. Mont Reily, Governor of Porto Rico, and J. R. Hull, Private Secretary of the Governor, of having conspired and combined between themselves, for the purpose of obtaining

money belonging to Porto Rico for their own benefit, using malicious, criminal, and illicit means. That is, I accuse them of being *thieves*.

I accuse Juan B. Huyke and Martin Travieso, Jr. of being bought by the public purse, and of being traitors to their own country.

I accuse the majority of the American colony in Porto Rico of having conspired here and in Washington for the continuance of this chaotic state of affairs through which we are passing, where the Government has degenerated into a colonial regime of the worst kind.

I accuse all those who in any way have favored or aided, or who are favoring or aiding, the disrupting work of E. Mont Reily, of being traitors to Porto Rico.

I accuse the judge of the First District Court of San Juan, Charles E. Foote, of having been rendered unfit for office by being an habitual drunkard.

I accuse the attorney of the First District of San Juan of lacking the most elemental principles of morality necessary for the representative of social rights in this court, by reason of being a hopeless gambler.

I accuse the people of Porto Rico of being a cowardly and degraded people, if, after seeing the last hope of obtaining justice from President Harding's Administration by the removal of E. Mont Reily as Governor of Porto Rico dashed to the ground, they still wait patiently and futilely, without trying to gain that justice for themselves.

And lastly, I accuse the President of the United States, the members of his Cabinet, the American Congress, and the people of the Republic, before history and before the world, if the President of the United States, his cabinet members, the American Congress, and the people of the Republic permit E. Mont Reily, after being tried in the courts of the island, and after being repudiated by the public opinion of the country, to remain in power free to carry out his infamous acts.

This is my accusation. It does not matter now what happens. If it is prison, we can say as some one else said on a certain occasion: "The bandits are walking through the streets and the honorable men are wasting in prison."

The Yugoslav Terror

THE following despairing appeal from the Communists of Yugoslavia has been sent to workers' organizations in every part of the world.

To the Proletariat of all Countries:

The reign of White Terror in Yugoslavia, with its recent attempt against the Communists and the whole working-class, has placed it at the head of world reaction, surpassing even Horthy's rule. The so-called radical-democratic clique, which is actually capitalistic, reactionary, and bloodthirsty, is trampling under foot every vestige of the rights and liberties of the workers.

In order to justify the outrageous persecutions of the Communist Party and the suppression of every form of labor activity, the Government has discovered "terrorist organizations" and has accused the whole Communist Party and the unions of being the organizers of these alleged terrorist organizations and of the attempt against the life of King Alexander and of other attempts "in preparation."

The trial, which was bolstered up at Belgrade with these false charges against the members of the executive board of the Communist Party, ended on February 28, 1922, with the first defeat of the Government. The trial unmasked all the falseness of the charges, proved that the Communist Party had no connection with the authors of the attempt, and finally resulted in putting into documentary form all the attempts perpetrated against the working-class.

But nevertheless this unscrupulous clique which governs us

has substituted the police for the courts and has condemned seven members of the Communist Party and two deputies to two years of prison at hard labor. . . . The accused were sentenced on the basis of the party program, which had been publicly approved in the presence of the police officials, at the Vukovar Convention in 1920. They were sentenced for having distributed this program, on the basis of which the party had openly taken part in the elections and had sent fifty-nine deputies to Parliament.

They were sentenced for papers, pamphlets, and books, legally stamped with the censor's permit.

This brutal radical-democratic Government has shown by this sentence that the capitalists of Yugoslavia are aiming at nothing short of the suppression of the labor movement.

The capitalist offensive is more brutal in Yugoslavia than in the other countries because the capitalists of Yugoslavia have become the bought agents of Entente imperialism.

This sentence as well as the sentence against the striking miners of Tuzla, which was also passed in February, 1922, when one striker was condemned to death and many were sentenced to the dungeon, showed that the rulers of Yugoslavia do not shrink from any measures against the working-class.

And now, when amnesty is granted on the occasion of the marriage of the King, 15,000 common criminals have been released, but the Communists and workers have been excluded from amnesty.

And these bloodthirsty rulers of Yugoslavia are about to carry out one or two more of their heroic acts: the executions of Stejic and of the Tuzla miner. They were not satisfied with Aljagica's head. The Yugoslav bourgeoisie believes that with these horrible examples it can frighten the working-class and make it renounce the struggle for its class interests.

At the same time that the Government pronounced the cynical verdicts of "supreme justice," it launched a new series of persecutions against the workers. In Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and to some extent everywhere, workers are being arrested, labor organizations are being dissolved, and readers of legal union papers are being sentenced.

We call upon the proletariat of all countries to protest against the reaction in Yugoslavia, which is merely part of the international reaction of capitalism. In the name of the suffering proletariat of Yugoslavia, in the name of the propertyless masses in our country, we call upon the proletariat in all countries to form a united front against world reaction. . . .

Comrades, workers, on to the struggle against the White Terror in Yugoslavia!

On to the struggle against the international reaction of the capitalist class in whose hands the Government of Yugoslavia is merely a puppet!

Russia and Japan Meet

THE Japanese Government has recently agreed to enter into negotiations with the Russian Soviet Government and the Far Eastern Republic concerning the promised evacuation of Russian territory in the Far East by the Japanese and for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Russian governments and Japan. The following exchange of notes was printed in the Moscow *Izvestia* on July 29.

The Japanese Consulate General at Kharbin to the Special Plenipotentiary of the Far Eastern Republic Osorgin.

DEAR SIR:

In accordance with the instructions which I have received from the Minister of Foreign Affairs I earnestly beg you to transmit to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic the following:

In connection with the note of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic Mr. Yanson, of June 30, the Im-

perial Japanese Government declares that it is prepared to resume the negotiations with the Government of the Far Eastern Republic. The Imperial Japanese Government has decided to carry out the complete evacuation of Japanese troops from the Maritime Province not later than November 1, to which effect a declaration has been issued both within and outside of the country.

The Imperial Japanese Government expresses its consent to the participation of the plenipotentiaries of the Government of Soviet Russia in the coming conference under conditions regulating the formulation of the agreement. The details of this question have been discussed by the director of the department of European and American affairs, Matsudaira, with Mr. Antonov who undoubtedly informed the Government of the Far Eastern Republic of the following: in case the Government of the Far Eastern Republic intends to delegate representatives, the Imperial Japanese Government is prepared to send a delegate who would immediately enter into negotiations. As a place for the conference it would be desirable to select Kharbin or Dairen.

July 19, 1922 Japanese Consul-General YAMANUTSHI

The Commissariat of Foreign Affairs of the RSFSR and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic to the Japanese Foreign Minister.

In its note of July 19 transmitted by the Japanese Consul-General at Kharbin to the Special Plenipotentiary of the Far Eastern Republic for the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Imperial Japanese Government expressed the desire, in the name of the Japanese Government, to enter into negotiations with the Government of the Far Eastern Republic and the Government of the RSFSR.

This same note of July 19 communicates the decision of the Imperial Japanese Government to carry out the complete evacuation of Japanese troops from Russian territory in the Far East.

The governments of the Russian and Far Eastern republics express their satisfaction with the above decision of the Imperial Japanese Government as to the evacuation of its troops and they take note of the fact that the Imperial Japanese Government, according to its note of July 19, will evacuate its troops from the Russian provinces of the Far East before November 1, 1922.

In view of the mutual agreement of Russia and the Far Eastern Republic on one hand, and Japan on the other, to start negotiations for the establishment of peaceful and friendly relations, the governments of Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic are of the opinion that at the coming conference Russia, the Far Eastern Republic, and Japan should be represented upon a basis of equality, and that the coming agreement should be signed in the name of each of the governments represented at the conference.

The governments of the Soviet Republic and the Far Eastern Republic consider the most appropriate place for the conference either Chita or Moscow. Both these governments would, on their part, secure for the Japanese delegation all necessary comfort for the negotiations and particularly good connection by direct wire with all points on the mainland. However, should the Government of Japan have any objection to the above-named places, we are willing to accept Peking or Tokio. The latter place would be acceptable if the facilities for communication with Moscow and Chita could be made satisfactory to both governments.

The delegates from Russia and the Far Eastern Republic have been appointed: the member of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee Adolph Joffe, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic Jacob Yanson.

In the name of Russia: Acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs
KARAKHAN

In the name of the Far Eastern Republic:
Minister of Foreign Affairs YANSON

July 25, 1922

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